

The Queer Perv and the Slut with a Heart of Gold by NotTooClever

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Summary: Takes place during the events of my first story, A Stranger Love Story, but from the perspective of Nancy and Jonathan. A sequel of sorts. Love, drama, sex.

1. What's Really On Your Mind

It was January 1984, Eleven had just returned. Nancy was happy for the girl, and even more so for her brother, but she was terrified that the monster might follow El back into existence any day now. She wasn't present for their disappearance, but Mike had recounted the events to her multiple times.

El pinned the beast to the wall and in destroying it she had vanished as well. But now that Eleven was back Nancy was worried what that meant for the Demogorgon...

"Don't you think it might still be out there?" She asked Steve while curling up next to him in her bed.

"No way. Whatever that thing was... Wherever it came from... I don't think it's coming back." He sounded so sure. But it did little to ease Nancy's concern.

"I didn't think that Eleven would come back either though." She told him. "I thought she was gone for good and she just showed up a few nights ago..."

"That doesn't mean that monster is going to come back. You're worrying about nothing."

"You're probably right."

"I'm definitely right." He smiled at her. He had a nice smile, and incredible hair... But something about the way he dismissed her fears bothered her.

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The next morning Nancy woke from the sound of her bedroom window sliding open. As she sat up in bed, Steve turned around to see her rubbing her eyes. He walked back to the bed and gave her a kiss.

"Morning." He said.

"Were you going to leave without saying goodbye?" She asked.

"I didn't want to wake you. You're so beautiful when you're sleeping."

Nancy remembered something Jonathan said to her when she asked him why he'd taken her picture.

People don't say what they're really thinking. But if you capture the right moment... It says more.

She got the feeling Steve wasn't saying what he was thinking. Most of the time he told Nancy she was beautiful she got that feeling. Like he was deflecting, or just saying what he thought she wanted to hear.

"Where were you going?" Nancy asked.

"Just headed home so my parents don't freak out when they find my room empty." He kissed her again. "Also so that your parents don't freak out when they find out a boy spent the night in your room." She smiled. "I'll come back later, we can hang out today."

They said their goodbyes as Steve stealthily vaulted over the window sill onto the roof, and hopped down onto the Wheeler's front lawn. Nancy watched from the window as Steve jogged to the other end of the cul-de-sac and got in his BMW which was parked on the side of the road. He cranked the engine on and waved goodbye before pulling away and rounding the corner.

Nancy neglected to tell Steve about the nightmare she had that night. She decided to tell someone else instead.

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"Donald called me in for an extra shift this weekend." Joyce said as she pulled on her coat and picked up her keys. "Is Will up yet?" She asked on her way out the door.

"No, I'll wake him up when breakfast is ready." Jonathan said. He flipped a large pancake and barely caught it back in the pan.

"Ok, well have a good day. I'll be back before dinner." She said closing the door behind her and walking to her car. Jonathan could

still hear the engine of her Ford Pinto pulling out of the driveway when the phone rang.

He turned the heat on the stove down and momentarily abandoned his pancakes.

He lifted the cordless phone from the dock. "Hello?"

"Jonathan?"

"Yeah... Nancy?"

"Yes. Can we talk?" She sounded nervous, almost scared.

"Uh, yeah sure. What's up?"

"Can I... Could you just come over here?"

Jonathan grew more concerned. "Um... I'm making breakfast, can you come to my house?"

"I don't have a car..." She reminded him.

"I'll come pick you up." He offered.

"Ok."

"Alright, see you soon." Jonathan hung up the phone, turned the burner off completely, and picked his keys up off the counter. He shut the door behind him and walked with a sense of urgency. He didn't know what it was, but there was something wrong in Nancy's voice.

He got in his car and drove along the Byers' long driveway. He drove through the woods past Hawkins Lab. He drove past Dustin's house, and Lucas's.

The front door opened when he started pulling into the Wheeler's driveway. He leaned over to open the door and Nancy walked quickly to the passenger seat.

"Thanks." She said as she sat down and pulled the creaky old car door

shut.

"No problem... Are you alright?" He backed out of the driveway and drove back home.

"I think so it's just... Well you know how Eleven showed up Thursday night?"

He nodded, taking his eyes off the road for a second to study her expression.

"Well I can't help thinking about that thing... If she could find her way back, what's stopping it from doing the same."

"I'd be lying if I told you I haven't thought about that too." He admitted.

Relief filled Nancy, somehow she knew Jonathan would understand. "Thank you. Steve thinks I'm being paranoid... But it could come back couldn't it?"

"I don't know..." He said.

It wasn't quite the comforting words she wanted to hear, but he was honest. Jonathan had always been honest with her, it was one of the things she liked best about him. They pulled into his driveway and the car came to a stop in front of the modest building.

They left the car and Jonathan held the door for his friend, his best friend, his only friend really... Nancy and Steve had tried to include him, the other kids at school were hard to be around for all of them since they fought a monster together, but he still didn't get along too well with Steve. It wasn't his fault, he didn't even dislike Steve, but something about his hair and the way he talked and the car he drove and everything about him just didn't sit right with Jonathan. To put it simply, Jonathan saw through Steve's bullshit.

"Want a pancake?" He asked turning the knob on the stove back to medium heat.

"Please." Nancy said taking a seat at the dining table.

"So what's going on with you? Besides the fear of a possible impending monster attack." Jonathan said. "I know we haven't spent as much time together as we used to. How's Steve?"

"He's good... I think."

"How are you?" He asked taking his eyes off the pan and meeting Nancy's, clearly more interested in her answer to this question.

"I'm... I'm ok. I had a nightmare..." Nancy said.

"I'm sorry." Jonathan opened a cabinet, removed a plate, and set it on the table in front of Nancy. He slid the pancake onto the plate. "Was it about the monster?"

Nancy nodded. "Steve he... It's like he isn't worried about it coming back. But whenever I close my eyes I see it. I know it's coming back. I feel it."

Jonathan rubbed his hand through the hair on the back of his head, contemplating the right thing to say next. He poured more batter into the pan. "Even if it seems like he's not taking this as seriously as he should, Steve really cares about you..."

"You're taking me seriously. You care about me too..." She said watching him carefully.

Jonathan's face grew warm. "I do..."

"I care about you too." Nancy said standing. She took a step towards him. "Sometimes I think..." Her gaze drifted to his chest, she gulped, finding the courage to say what she was thinking. "I think I chose the wrong person." She said, her eyes meeting his again. Now they were both blushing. She stepped toward him again.

Jonathan's heart was pounding, her eyes closed and she leaned in. Before he knew exactly what was happening, Jonathan was having his first kiss. Nancy's lips were soft and warm. He had thought kissing was silly, he didn't really understand why people did it. Because it was what you were supposed to do with someone you liked? Because you felt like sharing your germs or spit? Now he understood, it was more than pressing your lips against someone else's, there was

something almost magical about it. He realized his eyes were wide open in surprise and decided it would be best to close them as Nancy had. He was filled with an overwhelming urge to hold her, to protect her, to be there when she was scared or sad or angry and needed someone to talk with. It was the feeling he had when he pulled her out of that tree in the woods between his house and Steve's, the night he stayed in her room and slept in her bed, the night he fell in love.

When they pulled apart the urge was overshadowed by guilt. "I'm sorry." He said.

"Sorry... Why?" Nancy smiled at him.

"You... Have a boyfriend." He turned back to the pan, the pancake was burning slightly so he flipped it.

"But I-"

"I'm not going to come between you again..." Jonathan interrupted.

"You're not coming between us... This is my choice." Nancy said turning him around. She reached her hands to his cheeks and took his head in her palms. She tilted his head ever so slightly, and tilted her own the opposite direction, pulling him into another kiss.

Jonathan pulled away. "Nancy... You like Steve."

"I like him... I don't *love* him." She said.

Was she was implying what he thought she was? "Nancy. You're confused. You just think you want what you can't have. You're sabotaging your healthy relationship with a guy who you care about, because the grass could always be greener. But trust me, my grass isn't half as nice as Steve Harrington's."

A tear rolled down her cheek. "Are you finished?" She asked. Jonathan just watched her, it looked like he was fighting back tears too. "I'm not confused. I know what I want, and I want you. Your '*grass*' is greener, but you're too much of a social outcast with shit self-esteem to realize you're worthy of love. You're kinder, more empathetic, more honest, smarter, a better listener, and a better person... Than anyone I know... And I love you... I love you Jonathan

Byers..."

Jonathan was stunned. There was a steady tone in her voice that told him she meant all of it. And he believed her. "I love you too... I've loved you since that day in the woods."

She smiled, still crying. She pulled him into another kiss, longer, deeper. He wrapped his arms around her waist and held her thin frame against his body. She held his neck tightly kissing him again and again.

"Woah..." Will said from the edge of the hallway.

Nancy pulled away from Jonathan and wiped tears from her face, they both looked at the younger boy. He yawned and then walked to the table, taking a seat where Nancy had just been sitting. "Is this for me?" Will asked no longer looking at Nancy and his brother, instead his gaze was trained on the pancake on the table

"Uh, sure." Jonathan said. "Want two?"

Will grinned. "Ok." He said.

Jonathan held the pan upsidetdown over the plate. The slightly burnt pancake fell onto the other one.

"How about some eggs?" Jonathan offered.

"Pancakes are good." Will said. "Where's mom?"

"She got called in to cover someone's shift." He explained.

Will nodded, pouring maple syrup over his steaming plate.

Nancy started to ask, "Did you see-"

"You two kissing? Yeah I saw." Will said taking a bite of pancake. "It's about time."

Nancy giggled. "Yeah, I guess so."

Jonathan cooked two more pancakes and he and Nancy joined Will at

the table.

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Knock Knock

The Wheeler's door opened. "Steve!" Karen said. She looked around behind him, a puzzled look forming on her face. "Where's Nancy?"

Now Steve shared her look of confusion. "She's not here?"

"I thought she was with you..." Now she looked concerned. "She left pretty early this morning. Before breakfast."

"Really? Did she say where she was going?" Steve asked.

"Just out. I assumed..." Karen trailed off.

"Ok well when she's gets home will you have her call me?" Steve walked back to his car.

"Ok I'll... I'll do that." Karen closed the door.

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"Thanks for breakfast." Will said standing. "I'm going to play some D&D." He rinsed his plate in the sink and said bye to Nancy and his brother. When he was gone Jonathan took his and Nancy's plates to the sink. She got up and followed him.

She hugged him from behind and whispered in his ear. "Now what?"

Jonathan felt goosebumps on his arms and the back of his neck. "I don't know." He said turning around.

"Well I have an idea or two..." Nancy said placing her hands on his chest. She kissed him again. He put his hands on her hips. Nancy's hands drifted. She ran her fingers over his sides and his surprisingly firm stomach. She felt his back and crept her hands down, grabbing a handful of his butt.

Jonathan pulled back. "Wait..." He said. Nancy looked disappointed.

"Have you talked to Steve yet?"

"No." Nancy said taking a step back and looking at the floor. "Not yet."

"Well... I don't think we should kiss... Or do anything else... Until you do." Jonathan said. Nancy laughed. "What?"

"You're just so different..." She said embracing him again. "And you're right. I'll tell him today." She was nervous, but she knew it was the right thing to do.

2. The First Time

"Do you want me to come with you?" Jonathan said as he killed the engine.

"No, I need to do it on my own." Nancy said opening the car door.

"Should I leave?" He asked, not wanting Steve to see his car. "Will he want to fight me again?"

"No... I want you to stay." Nancy answered, feeling a little selfish. Jonathan just nodded. Nancy stepped out of his car and walked up to Steve's door. She knocked, and Steve answered.

"Nancy! Hey, I was looking for you, where'd you go this morn-" He saw Jonathan's car, and Jonathan waiting in the front seat. "What's Byers doing here?"

"We need to talk..." Nancy said.

Jonathan watched through his windshield, unable to make out their actual words. Steve looked upset, Jonathan wondered if he'd ever been broken up with before, or if he had always done the dumping. Steve made an angry gesture pointing at the car he was in. The boys locked eyes, Steve walked past Nancy and jogged down the steps. Nancy followed him with tears in her eyes.

Steve approached the vehicle and Jonathan stepped out. He was ready for a fight, ready for whatever harsh words came his way, about him or his family. "Take... Take care of her..." Steve said. He was barely holding in his own tears. Jonathan just nodded, surprised. Steve walked back to his house, he stopped for a moment, said something else to Nancy that Jonathan couldn't quite hear. He kissed her on the cheek, and then disappeared behind his front door.

Nancy got back in the car without meeting Jonathan's gaze. "That went... Pretty well I think." He said.

Nancy smiled weakly at him. "Yeah." Jonathan twisted the key in the ignition and they left Steve's driveway.

"Do you want to go home?" Jonathan asked her after a moment of silence.

"No... I want you to cheer me up." She said, giving a more convincing smile.

"Where to then?" He smiled back. Nancy loved his smile, perhaps it was because he didn't use it often.

"Back to your house..." She suggested, leaning across the car to hug his arm and lie her head on his shoulder.

"Ok. What do you want to do there?"

"You said we couldn't kiss, or do anything else, until I talked with Steve." She kissed his shoulder. "I want to kiss you. And I want to do something else." She whispered in his ear. Nancy placed her hand on Jonathan's thigh and he swerved the car a little in surprise.

"Woah. Uh r-right now?" He said, his face growing red, and his pants starting to grow as well.

"If you're ready..." Nancy said creeping her fingers up his leg. She noticed the rising bulge in his jeans. The car stopped and she also noticed that they'd arrived at the Byers house.

He kissed her. "I'm ready. I've been ready for a long time... But you know I've never done this right?"

"I know." She said kissing him again.

They got out of the car and Nancy led him by the hand to his front door, then she took him to his bedroom. She opened the door. It was dark, the bed wasn't made, there were some clothes scattered on the floor, and a cassette deck on his dresser.

She turned to face him. "I love you."

Those words felt good bouncing around his brain. His mother and Will had told him they loved him a hundred times, but coming from Nancy it felt different. "I love you too."

Nancy slid her hands under his shirt. She felt his sides and his abs, the thin trail of hair that led from his navel into his pants. Her heart fluttered.

Jonathan pulled his shirt over his head. His body was surprisingly toned, but he rarely wore form-fitting clothes, so most people wouldn't necessarily know. Nancy felt his chest. Their eyes met, Nancy's were wide and beautiful, Jonathan's seemed calm considering. Nancy lifted her shirt as well. She was thin and her chest was small but perky, her white bra had a small amount of lace around the edges.

Jonathan's breathing quickened. "I've never even had a girl in my room." He told her. "Until this morning I'd never been kissed... Are you sure you want to wait a little while?"

"Jonathan..." She said smiling. She leaned in to kiss him, pressing their bodies together. Jonathan felt her soft chest press against him, he could feel her heart beating. She could feel him stiffening. Nancy slid her skirt passed her hips and it fell to the floor. Then she unbuttoned his pants. Jonathan pulled them down and off his feet they stood facing each other in their underwear, Jonathan's tented boxers were hard to miss, he was fairly large.

Nancy sat on his bed. He crawled over her leaning her onto her back, kissing her as they became horizontal. Jonathan kissed her neck. Nancy's hands ran along his back and shoulders. They found his hips and backside. She tucked her hand into the waistband of his briefs, holding his soft butt. He let out a tiny laugh.

"What's wrong?" Nancy asked.

"Just tickles." He said kissing her collar and then her chest. Nancy put her other hand in his one remaining piece of clothing and proceeded to pull them down his legs. Jonathan kicked his boxers off onto the floor. Nancy sat up very slightly to unhook her bra. She reached her arms up and Jonathan removed it slowly.

"Wow..." He said.

"Yeah..." Nancy said looking down at his erection.

He continued his way down her body, leaving a trail of kisses a few inches apart. The lower he got the more rapid Nancy's breathing became. She put a hand on his head, not guiding him down faster, just letting him know he was doing fine. He kissed her bellybutton, then lower, then lower... Jonathan got to her pale pink panties, and he saw the wet spot between her spreading legs. He held her hips in his hands and kissed her on the spreading wet area. She let out a quiet sound of approval. Jonathan slid two fingers into her panties and pulled them aside, exposing her glistening pink flower. He planted a kiss at its top, looking up to see her response. Her eyes were closed and her mouth slightly agape.

His tongue darted out and flicked her gently. She moaned quietly and smiled. Jonathan licked her slowly at first. It didn't taste exactly how he was expecting, not that he had anything to judge it off of. He didn't dislike the taste. Nancy's hips shifted pushing herself harder against his mouth. Jonathan applied more pressure with his tongue and tried moving it faster. She seemed to like it best when he went up and down. Nancy grabbed her chest with one hand and Jonathan's sheets with the other. He loved the sounds she was making. She rocked her hips back and forth. Jonathan stopped licking and grabbed the hem of her underwear.

"Don't stop, I think I'm gonna..." Nancy said opening her eyes. Jonathan pulled them all the way down her legs and off her feet.

He couldn't hold out any longer, he respread her legs and pulled her by the hips toward him. He was about to slide his hard cock into her when he remembered they had no protection.

"Nancy... Do you have a condom?"

She shook her head. "It's ok... Just pull out."

"I don't know..." Jonathan was sceptical of his ability.

"Please..." Nancy said.

He left one hand on her hip and grabbed hold of the base with his other, guiding it into her. She was tight, but drenched in natural lubricant, Jonathan slid into her easily.

"Holy shit..." He said.

Nancy moaned. Jonathan pushed in as far as he could, and then slowly withdrew. He started at a low speed, but began to quicken the pace after a few strokes. He watched her naked body as he thrust himself into her, each time her perky breasts bounced slightly.

"Oh shit..." Nancy breathed.

He felt her tighten around his cock, squeezing him as she climaxed. Her body shook and she moaned his name. He couldn't hold it. He pulled himself out of her and without thinking stroked himself, releasing warm sticky cum onto her flat stomach.

"That was close..." He said.

"That was amazing." She replied. "I've never... I've never done that."

"You mean orgasm?" He asked. "Not even on your own?"

She shook her head. "Never..."

Jonathan leaned down to pick up the underwear he'd been wearing and wiped her belly clean.

"Sorry." He said.

"Don't be." She told him. "Sorry if you were uncomfortable without a condom. I was caught up in the moment. Next time we'll definitely use one."

"Next time." Jonathan smiled.

"So... How was your first time?" Nancy asked.

"It was..." He paused. "Better than I was expecting. Way better than my hand."

Nancy laughed. She sat up and he tossed her underwear into her lap before sliding into a clean pair himself. Nancy put on her bra and held up her panties. "These are soaked..." She said, before putting them on anyway. Jonathan sat back on the bed beside her. They

leaned against the back wall and a couple pillows.

"Do you want to go home and change?" He offered.

"Soon." Nancy replied. "Can we lay here a little while?"

Jonathan wrapped an arm around her bare shoulders. She leaned into him, putting her arms around his middle and her head down on his chest. She could hear his heart beating, still at an increased pace.

"Jonathan." She said.

"Yeah?"

"I've loved you since that night too... I was terrified in the upsidedown. But hearing your voice kept me calm, and helped me find my way out... I don't know if I ever thanked you, for being there for me then, and that whole night."

"It was my pleasure." He said holding her tighter and kissing the top of her head. "And I love you too."

"I'm sorry it took me so long to figure out..."

"Don't be. I'm just glad you did."

"Me too." She said.

They slid into a more horizontal position, and Nancy rolled onto her side, facing away from him. Jonathan held her from behind and pressed their bodies together. Cuddling was another thing Jonathan dismissed as something couples just did for no reason. But now, with his pelvis pushed up against Nancys backside and his arm wrapped around her with their hands clasped together, he understood that too. He listened to her breathing slow and steady, and they stayed like that for a while. He would do anything for her, he would fight a hundred monsters if need be.

3. Practicing Safer Sex

A week went by, Nancy and Jonathan spent every day together. At school they ate lunch together and people often stared or whispered to one another about them. It upset Nancy at first, but Jonathan couldn't be bothered. The way he didn't care what others thought of him was an attractive quality, and it made it easy to forget the whisperers and judgmental looks. On Friday after class Nancy met him in the parking lot by his car. She tried to kiss him and he pulled away surprised.

"What's wrong?" She asked him.

"Nothing, I just... I'd rather do that in private." He said.

"Are you embarrassed of me?" Nancy teased him with a smile.

"No." He said. "...I thought you might be."

Her smile faded. "I'm not." Then she pulled him into a kiss which he didn't try to evade.

"Alright then." He said. And they both smiled. He walked to the driver side and threw his bag into the back seat through the open window before opening his door.

Just as Nancy reached for the handle someone called her name. She looked around, it was Nicole. "Can I talk to you?" She asked. Nancy walked over to where she was standing with two girls Nancy didn't recognize. "Are you and Byers like... A thing?" Nicole asked her, the judgemental look Nancy was growing used to blatantly painted on her face.

"Yes." Nancy said turning around (deciding she heard heard plenty) and stepping away from the girls.

"Did you forget the pervy pictures he took of you?" She asked, the judgment replaced by genuine disgust.

Nancy stopped and turned back toward Nicole and her two friends. "You don't know him... No one here does. They hear rumors and

make assumptions but never take the time to even have a conversation." She turned away again.

"Those stalker pictures weren't a rumor!" Nicole called as her friends giggled at her sides.

Nancy ignored them this time and continued walking. She got into the old Ford with Jonathan and tried not to cry. "I told you I'd rather kiss in private." Jonathan said. "They're just-"

"They're just bitches!" Nancy said losing grip on the tears which now rolled down her cheeks. "They don't even know you..." Nancy repeated.

"They probably never will." Jonathan told her, tilting her chin back up so their eyes would meet. "It used to bother me too. You just have to let it go. I know that sounds cliché, but if you can just not worry about what they think you'll be a lot happier. Trust me."

"I do." She said sniffing and rubbing the tears away. "I love you." She said. And she leaned over to kiss him again.

"I love you too. Let's go." Jonathan said cranking the key.

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Nancy opened the front door laughing, her tears a somehow distant memory. Jonathan entered behind her, a wide grin on his face. They started up the stairs but were stopped by a voice coming from there living room. Nancy's mother walked to the foot of the stairs.

"Where are you two going?" Karen asked, not for the first time.

Nancy rolled her eyes. "Upstairs." She said honestly.

"Mhmm... Just keep your door open." She said.

"Hi Mrs. Wheeler." Jonathan said before Nancy dragged him up the remaining steps. "Bye." He said as he disappeared behind the corner.

Nancy pulled him by the hand all the way to her bed, dropping her bag on the floor. She flopped down on her back and pulled him down

with her. He landed beside her and she snuggled up next to him. She inspected the hand she was holding. She placed their palms together, each of his fingers were an inch longer than hers. His hands were rough and warm, she felt an indescribable comfort when she held them.

She sat up and grabbed the collar of his denim jacket, pulling him up to her. She kissed him and pulled the jacket down over his shoulders. He helped her remove it and then hung it from her bedpost. They laid back down, and Nancy resumed her position resting her head on his shoulder. She placed a hand on his chest, feeling his beating heart through the thin fabric of his white tee. She ran her hand down his chest and stomach, noticing the two small holes near the bottom of the shirt. She looked at her closet full of clothes, some of which she never wore, and felt a little guilty.

"Do you want to go shopping with me?" She offered.

"Like, for clothes?" He said raising an eyebrow. "I'm fine, but if you want me to come I'll go anywhere with you."

"Your shirt has holes." She said poking a finger through the larger one and wiggling it.

"Oh yeah." He said. "I guess my outfit isn't really a priority for me."

"But I want to get you something." She said removing her finger from the hole and tracing circles on his chest.

He laughed a little. "What for?"

"Can't I get my boyfriend a gift?" She said looking at his face to see if the word caused any reaction.

He smiled. "Boyfriend?"

"Yeah." She said.

"I guess you can." He said. "But I never even got you a present after you gave me that camera."

"I told you that wasn't a present. It was more of an apology, and

Steve helped pay for it... I want to get you something from me."

"Ok."

They kissed and Nancy's mom appeared in the hallway.

"Mom!" Nancy said pulling her lips away from Jonathan's.

"Just checking in." She said turning around and walking back downstairs.

"Ugh..." Nancy said leaning her head back down on Jonathan's shoulder.

He laughed. "You're lucky you have parents who care about you." He said kissing her forehead.

"I know..." She said, feeling guilty again. She sometimes forgot how little of a relationship Jonathan had with his father. She wished her father acted like he cared about her more, but at least he was around. Nancy kissed him back. "I love you." She told him.

"I love you too." He said.

Nancy's hand drifted down his stomach again but explored further this time. She slipped three fingers under his belt and Jonathan's head jerked toward the door.

"Your mom literally just checked on us." He said.

"Which means she won't be back for a while." She said sliding her whole hand into his pants. He immediately grew, his heart pumping twice as fast as it was a moment ago. She rubbed him through his boxers.

"Nancy... Stop." He said. She didn't. "Nancy please."

"Will you come back tonight?" She asked sliding her hands into another layer of fabric. She grabbed hold of his erection. Her hands were cool and soft.

"Yeah." He said. "I'll come back." She let go of him and pulled her

hand out of his pants.

"Good." She said.

They heard someone on the stairs and Jonathan rolled onto his side, hiding the bulge in his jeans. Karen reappeared in the doorway.

"Mom... Really? What do you think we're doing in here with the door open?"

"I'm just seeing if Jonathan is going to stay for dinner."

They both looked at Jonathan. "Um, I don't think I can tonight. Sorry. My mom is making meatloaf." He made up.

"Alright." Karen said. "Tell her I said hi." She smiled and walked away.

"That was close Nancy..." He said rolling back onto his back. The bulge had subsided.

"I know." She giggled and buried her face in his chest. "I really didn't think she'd be back so soon."

"What time should I come over?" He asked sitting up and reaching for his jacket.

"Seven?" She suggested hugging him and anchoring him to the bed.

"Ok, I'll see you then." He hugged her back, kissed her, and stood to put on the denim coat.

"Ok." She said standing to kiss him again.

They walked downstairs and to the door together. Nancy waved goodbye as he climbed into his car and drove away.

"What were you doing upstairs with Jonathan? Studying?" Mike teased from behind her.

She wheeled around. "None of your business." She pushed past him and walked to the dinner table where Eleven, Holly, and her parents

were already sitting.

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"Thanks for dinner." Mike said.

"Yes thank you." Eleven said quietly.

"I'm pretty tired." Mike yawned as he placed his plate in the sink.

"Well you should shower before bed." His mother suggested.

Mike rolled his eyes. "Alright." He said. And he headed upstairs.

Eleven excused herself from the table as well. "Goodnight." She said as she went to the basement where she slept.

Soon El walked back up the stairs in Mike's shirt which was too large for her. She didn't appear to be wearing anything else. Nancy was the only one who noticed the young girl as she silently climbed both flights of steps and vanished around the corner.

"Uh, I think I better hit the sack too." Nancy said as she stood and carried her dishes to the sink.

"Hit the sack?" Her mom inquired.

"Yeah." Nancy said. "You know, go to bed."

"I know what it means." Karen said. "I just don't think I've heard you say it before."

"Well I'm going to bed then." Nancy said starting up the steps.

"Do you think the kids are acting strange?" Karen asked her husband when Nancy had disappeared.

"Strange how?" He said taking another bite.

"It's only 7:00 and they're all ready for bed? We used to have to fight Michael about his bedtime."

"I think they're just tired honey." Ted said never taking his eyes off

his meal.

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Nancy checked her room, Mike's room, her parents room and all the closets upstairs. Eleven was nowhere to be found.

Is she in the bathroom with Mike?

She pressed an ear to the door and heard nothing but the running water. She gave up and returned to her bedroom.

When she closed the door behind her she heard a knock on her window. She pulled it open. "How long have you been out there? It's cold." She said pulling the window shut behind him.

Jonathan looked down at his watch. "Not long." He said, but he was still shivering.

"Well let's warm you up." She said locking the door and removing his jacket for the second time today. She hung it back on her bedpost and pulled his holey shirt over his head.

"You're warming me up by undressing me?" He asked as Nancy removed her own top.

"Body warmth." She said unbuttoning her pants and sliding them off her legs. She pulled the covers back and watched as he stripped his jeans off. They climbed into her bed and pulled the comforter up to their chins. Nancy felt Jonathan's cold chest press against her back and his arms wrap around her. His hands and feet were icy. "Jesus you're freezing." She rolled over to face him and wrapped her arms around him too. Their legs entwined and soon Jonathan began to warm up.

They kissed and their hands explored one another. They started grinding on each other. Friction warmed him faster. Jonathan became hard, and Nancy's panties grew damp.

"Ready?" She asked him.

He nodded and pulled out of their embrace to reach into his jacket

pocket. He removed a strip of condoms, tore one package from the end and put the rest back. As soon as he ripped it open a knock came at the door.

"Shit!" They whispered.

"Wait, my mom doesn't knock..." Nancy said.

"Nancy!" A loud whisper came from the door.

"Is that Mike? Hide." Nancy said pushing Jonathan off the bed.

She stood, pulling her night gown from her dresser and over her head. Jonathan laid down on the floor behind her bed. She took a deep breath before unlocking and opening the door.

"What is it? I thought you were going to bed." She said looking down at his towel and back up to his dripping hair.

"I need a..." He sighed. "I need a condom..."

Nancy was surprised to hear the word in her brother's mouth.

"For El?" She asked.

"...Well yeah..."

Nancy shut the door. She reached into Jonathan's pocket and took out the strip. Jonathan sat up "You're going to give him one?" He quietly asked.

"What choice do I have? They're not going to be as careless as we were our first time."

"They're 13..." Jonathan reminded her.

"I know... But they love each other, and I can't stop them from having sex." She began to tear one off but then decided to take two, just incase.

She opened the door and handed Mike the condoms. "Just please be careful... And don't do anything she's uncomfortable with..."

"I will be, and I won't... Thanks Nance." He walked down the hall toward his room.

Nancy closed the door and relocked it. Jonathan climbed back on her bed, she took her night gown off and put it back in her dresser. She climbed into bed with him.

"Where were we?" She said smiling. She put a hand on his boxers and felt his penis. It had shrunk some, but it wasn't soft. She kissed his neck.

"Nancy I... Fuck it." He said unhooking her bra.

She threw it onto the floor and straddled his stiffening crotch, wearing only her panties. She slid her hips back and forth, feeling him get harder with the grinding. His rough hands held her hips, squeezing her ass gently. One hand rose up her body and Jonathan held her breast. He pinched her nipple and rolled it between his thumb and forefinger. She raised her body off his slightly and pulled his hard cock out of his underwear. She picked up the condom they had dropped when they heard the knock, and she applied it to Jonathan.

Holding his shoulder with one hand, and holding the bottom of her underwear to the side, she lowered herself onto him.

They both groaned as he slid into her. She now held his shoulders with both hands, and they kissed. She lifted herself and let herself fall back down. Jonathan held her hips as she rose and fell.

Nancy liked being on top, she had more control. She increased her pace and watched as Jonathan closed his eyes and threw his head back, lips parted slightly. She sped up even more. Each time she bounced down on him she felt him pound against the inside of her. Jonathan moaned a little too loud and Nancy clapped a hand to his mouth. She bit her lip.

"Oh fuck..." Jonathan mumbled through her fingers. His eyes clamped shut tightly and his cum filled the rubber reservoir tip of the condom inside her. She continued bouncing on him, pleasure echoing down her legs and up her torso.

"I'm close..." She said speeding up. She felt Jonathan begin to soften but it didn't matter she was starting to cum too. She couldn't continue her motion so Jonathan took over, holding her hips and thrusting himself into her from beneath as she finished.

"Oh my god..." She said as they slowed to a stop, Jonathan still inside her. When she had caught her breath she picked herself up off him. She sat next to him and kissed his shoulder.

He removed the condom, tied a knot into it, and tossed it into the bin in the corner of the room.

He pulled his boxers back up over his anatomy. Nancy removed her wet underwear and pulled a clean pair from the top drawer of her dresser.

She ran a hand through her hair. "Not bad Byers." She said giving him a smile.

"Are you kidding? That was all you." He said returning the grin. "I know I lost my virginity like a week ago, but that was the best sex I've ever had..." He pulled her back into bed and across his lap, kissing her bare neck shoulders and chest. She giggled and held his arm tightly.

"That tickles." She said. She laid her head in his lap and looked up at him. Their hands joined.

"I love you." He told her, kissing the back of her hand.

"I love you too... Can you stay tonight?"

"Of course."

Nancy took her head off his lap and rested it on her pillow. Jonathan scooted down the bed and laid down behind her, wrapping an arm around her stomach and holding her tightly.

He yawned. "Did I wear you out?" She teased.

"I hope not." He said pressing his hips harder against her butt, causing her to giggle. She held his hand and rubbed it with her

thumb until she fell asleep.

4. A Little Rough Play

Months passed, Jonathan and Nancy grew closer together. They were practically inseparable. They became regular fixtures at each other's dinner tables. Karen and Ted didn't seem to have any strong feelings about Jonathan, but Joyce was always thrilled to see Nancy. It was nice to have a girl in the house.

It was early June and school was nearing its end. On a Friday Jonathan dropped Nancy off in front of her house.

She took a few steps towards the door and then turned back when she realized Jonathan wasn't following her. "You're not coming in?" She asked.

"I've got to take Will to a movie, but I'll come by after I drop them off." Jonathan answered.

"Is Mike not going with him?" Nancy added.

"No just Dustin and Lucas."

Nancy shot him a questioning look.

He shrugged. "Don't know."

"I guess I'll ask him." She said leaning back into the car window. He leaned as well to meet her over the passenger seat for a short kiss.

She waved as his car pulled away and out of sight.

Why wouldn't Mike see a movie with his friends?

She continued to ponder this as she entered the house. Mike was in the la-z-boy watching television ads.

"Hey, why are your friends going to a movie without you? Did you have a fight or something?" Nancy asked.

"No." Mike said looking around the room to make sure it was just the two of them. "I already have tickets for tomorrow night, I'm going to

take El."

"Like a real date?" Nancy smiled at him.

Mike smiled back embarrassedly. "I guess so." He said. "Don't tell her ok?"

Nancy ruffled his hair and then walked upstairs. She bumped into Eleven on the way out of the bathroom. She had been living at the Wheeler's almost five months but she still had a very limited wardrobe. Nancy studied her pants and too large navy sweater both of which used to belong to Mike.

"Hey El." Nancy said.

"Yes?"

"Would you like to go shopping?" Nancy offered.

Eleven's face lit up. She nodded excitedly. Nancy liked El and she knew the younger girl looked up to her in some ways. But the idea of shopping seemed to give her almost too much joy. Eleven didn't talk much about her upbringing, and all Mike really told his sister was that El came from the lab in town and had been experimented on. Nancy thought it wasn't the idea of shopping that made Eleven happy, it was the thought of being a normal girl.

...

"What are we shopping for?" El asked as she dragged her hands along the rack of clothes.

Nancy didn't want to tell her about Mike's plans. "Well I thought you should have some nice clothes for... Outings."

"Outings?"

"Yeah." Nancy said. "Like going out to dinner or some kind of formal event."

"Like the Snow Ball?" Eleven asked.

"Yes." Nancy said with a smile. It faded as she recalled last year's winter dance. She had gone to the dance at the highschool with Steve, and Mike had stayed home, devastated about a missing El.

"How do I know which clothes are nice?" Eleven asked. She parted the long line of hangers to inspect a pink top.

"It's really a matter of opinion." Nancy said. "Whatever you think looks good."

"A dress?"

Nancy smiled again. "Yeah. Over here." She led Eleven to another aisle where a bar was filled with hanging dresses.

El pulled down a blue one with inch wide straps. "I like this one." She said.

"Why don't you try it on?" Nancy suggested. Eleven gave her a puzzled look. "In there." Nancy pointed to the fitting room. "You can put it on and see if you like it before you buy it."

El walked over to the small room and she looked nervous as she closed the door behind her.

A moment later she opened the door and stepped out, a grin replaced the worried look she wore when entering the confined space. She stood in front of a mirror and Nancy walked up behind her.

"Nancy?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you think I'm pretty?" El asked making eye contact with Nancy's reflection.

"Of course." Nancy said placing her hands on Eleven's shoulders. "You're very pretty."

Eleven smiled and turned around to look Nancy in the eyes directly. "Thank you." She said. And she hugged Nancy's waist tightly.

She didn't know everything El had been through, but she guessed this was the first time anyone bought her something nice. She also didn't quite know what it was like to have a sister, but she imagined it felt something like this.

Nancy paid for the dress and decided to buy a new bra and panties for herself. The girls left the store giggling.

"Hey!" Jonathan yelled as he pulled up next to them. "Do you ladies need a ride?"

"Oh hi! I guess so." Nancy said.

"I stopped by your house after I dropped the boys off, they said you two would be here. Hi El."

"Hello." Eleven said shyly.

"Come on." Nancy giggled as she opened the back car door. Eleven climbed in and Nancy followed her.

"Not gonna sit up here with me?" Jonathan asked, tilting his rearview mirror to meet Nancy's eyes.

"I'll ride with Eleven." Nancy said, and the girls smiled to each other.

...

When they dropped El off at the Wheeler's house she thanked Nancy again for the dress. Nancy moved to the front seat and they drove out to the Byers household. The driveway was empty.

"Is your mom still at work?" Nancy asked.

"Working late." Jonathan smiled.

"And how long is Will's movie?" She inquired further.

"Long enough." He said, and kissed her.

"Wanna see what I got?" Nancy offered pulling a lacy new bra from her bag.

"Ooh, fancy." Jonathan said grinning. They got out of the car and went to the door.

"That's not all." Nancy said removing the matching underwear as well.

Jonathan kissed her again and grabbed hold of her legs hoisting her up. He folded his forearms under her butt as a seat and she wrapped her arms and legs around him, still holding her new undergarments behind his head. He carried her a few steps and pinned her back to his front door. Without withdrawing from the kiss, Nancy reached behind her and twisted the doorknob. The door swung opens and they stumbled inside. Jonathan regained his balance and they laughed for a second before pressing their lips back together. He carried her to his bed and dropped her on her back.

He started to remove his shirt but she stopped him. "Wait."

"Why?" He said.

"Just wait." She stood and pushed him backward through the doorway and then closed it in his face.

Jonathan was stunned. "Really?"

Almost a minute later he heard her say. "Okay!"

And he opened the door. She was lounging on his bed. Wearing only the new lacy underwear. He smiled at her and she giggled. He tore his shirt over his head and unbuckled his belt swiftly. The pants fell from his hips and he kicked them aside. He crawled over her and kissed her long and soft.

He kissed her neck and felt her breathing increase. He rubbed his groin against hers. And noises began escaping her lips with each exhale. She whispered his name into his ear and then bit the lobe gently. Less gently, she pushed him off of her onto his knees. She pulled the panties she just changed into down her legs and dropped them on the bed beside her.

She's rolled over onto her hands and knees. Jonathan pulled his boxers down until he sprung free of them. Then he placed his hands

on her butt. He squeezed, and using his thumbs he spread her gently. He opened his bedside table drawer and removed a condom, tore it open and put it on hastily. He spread her again, and pulled the drenched opening toward him. He slid his hard cock into her and they both moaned. He slowly unsheathed himself and then plunged back in with force. Nancy sharply exhaled each time he thrust, and occasionally let slip a small grunt.

"Oh fuck..." Jonathan said as he looked down. He saw himself sliding in and out, her pussy stretched open by his width. He saw her ass growing red where his body slapped against her. His hands ran up her thin waist. Jonathan held her above the hips and pounded even harder.

Nancy lifted one hand off the bed and put it on her hip to twist back a bit and look at Jonathan. She was about to move back to her original position when Jonathan grabbed her wrist. It surprised her. She pulled it away but he held firm. Nancy leaned down and pressed the side of her face against the sheets, reaching her other hand behind her back as well. Jonathan grabbed both her hands and pinned them together behind her back. He held both her wrists with one hand and with his free hand he did something that shocked both of them a little. He paddled the soft flesh of her ass with his palm. Nancy made a surprised noise which was little more than a gasp, but not in pain. He struck her again.

"Unh... Unh... Ummmh... Mmmh..." Nancy moaned with each slap of her ass. She bit her lip so hard she thought it might bleed. She felt Jonathan's cock ram against the inside of her, and then felt his hand come down on her backside each time he pulled out.

She shuddered climactically and Jonathan stopped spanking her and let go of her wrists. He did not stop thrusting in and out. Nancy's hands fell to the bed but she didn't pick herself up. Jonathan felt his grip slipping and slowed to completion after filling the condom. He disposed of it and collapsed onto the bed next to her.

"What brought that on?" She asked.

"I honestly don't know." He said. "I surprised myself a bit I think. Was I too rough?"

Nancy laughed. "No! I liked it. I really liked it... You know if you had asked me if I liked being spanked an hour ago I would have said 'What? Hell no!' but I did..." She kissed him and pulled her panties back up her legs. Jonathan examined the clock on his nightstand.

"I've got to pick the boys up in forty-five minutes... Hey what did Mike say about not seeing the movie with them?"

"He said he already had tickets for tomorrow. He's taking Eleven on a proper date. That's why we went shopping, for a dress."

Jonathan smiled at her. "I love you Nancy Wheeler."

She giggled biting her lip again. "I love you too Jonathan Byers."

They laid in bed and cuddled for awhile. When they got up and dressed they moved to the kitchen and then to the living room. Nancy poured bowls of cereal and they sat on the couch together until it was time to pick up Will Dustin and Lucas from their movie. Nancy decided to go with.

The boys sat in the back seat raving about how good the movie was and laughing at their favorite parts. Then they all sang 'I ain't afraid of no ghost!'

"What movie was it?" Nancy asked.

"Ghostbusters!" Dustin and Lucas shouted.

"It was the funniest movie I've ever seen!" Dustin said. "I think I know who I'm going to be this Halloween."

The other boys laughed. "We should all be Ghostbusters! Like matching costumes!" Will said from the middle seat. Dustin and Lucas seemed to like the idea.

"Night ladies!" Lucas said when he was dropped off.

"Yeah, kiss your mom goodnight for me!" Dustin yelled as the car door slammed shut.

Dustin got dropped off next. "Night Byers, and other Byers, and

Nancy."

"Sooo..." Will says when it was only the three of them left in the car. "What did you guys do while we were at the movie?" He asked with feigned innocence.

"None of your business." Jonathan said. He exchanged a look with Nancy.

"Pretty sure I know what that means." Will said spreading out across the back seat.

"I doubt it." Nancy added. When they got back home Joyce's car was parked outside.

"Staying for dinner?" Jonathan asked.

Nancy grinned. "Of course."

They kissed, and followed Will inside holding hands.

5. Testing Boundaries and Setting Records

Nancy stepped through the doorway into the Byers residence and was immediately greeted by warmth and the smell of fresh pasta sauce. Jonathan entered and closed the door behind her. In the kitchen Joyce was pouring the thick red puree over a steaming bowl of spaghetti.

"That looks great mom." Jonathan said.

"Smells good too." Nancy added with a cheerful smile. "Need any help?"

Joyce politely declined and added the meatballs to the large bowl. She set it on the table and Will was the first to help himself to a plateful. They all took seats around the table and began to eat.

"How was the movie?" Joyce asked her younger son.

"It was really good!" Will answered grinning, and he went on about the climactic scene in which a ghost that could read your mind and take the shape of your fears became a giant marshmallow man.

"A what now?" Joyce asked amused.

"The Stay Puff Marshmallow Man." Will repeated.

"What's that?" Jonathan asked.

"It was an enormous fat white puffy guy with a little sailor's hat."

"Why is that scary?" Their mother inquired, still amused.

"It's not really, it's just what he thought of first." Will explained.

"I see..." Joyce said. "And what did you two do while the boys were at the movie?" She shifted her gaze to Jonathan and Nancy.

Nancy coughed slightly in surprise and then swallowed her mouthful of pasta. "We just... Hung out." She said with a mild blush which Joyce didn't really seem to notice.

Jonathan's eyes were glued to his plate, where he twisted strands of spaghetti around his fork.

Will chimed in. "They were making out."

"Shut up." Jonathan said. Nancy blushed more visibly but felt relieved.

"Well it's none of my business." Joyce said, and they were done with the topic. Conversation returned to the movie, and to their weekend plans.

Will suddenly excused himself from the table, expressing that he didn't feel well.

"He's been acting a little odd." Joyce said. She watched the hallway where Will had disappeared intently.

"Maybe he just had too much popcorn and candy." Jonathan suggested.

"I think maybe..." Joyce trailed off.

"What?" Jonathan asked.

Joyce looked at her son, then at Nancy, and then back to him. "Nothing."

Will returned to the table. When asked how he was feeling he replied, "Much better." with a convincing smile.

They finished up their meal with more idle chatter.

"Thank you for dinner Ms. Byers." Nancy said.

"Honestly Nancy, Joyce is fine."

"Yeah thanks mom." Jonathan said.

"Thanks." Will added.

"You're all quite welcome, my pleasure." Joyce smiled, carrying plates to the sink.

"Let me mom." Jonathan offered, referring to the dishes, but Joyce insisted she take care of them herself.

Nancy and Jonathan lazily made their way to his room with full stomachs. They laid on his bed and Nancy fell asleep quickly in his arms.

Later, Joyce poked her head in the room. She whispered, "Is she planning on spending the night?" Jonathan shrugged gently, causing Nancy's head to bob. "I'm not sure what Karen would think about that..."

As if prompted by the thought, the phone rang. Joyce left them alone again. Jonathan could barely hear her as she answered the call.

"Hi Karen... Yes she's still here... I know, she just feel asleep... Well we could wake her, Jonathan could drive her over its no problem... Are you sure? ...Okay she'll be over in the morning then... Goodnight..."

Joyce reappeared in his doorway a moment later. "I don't want any funny business in here tonight..." She said.

Jonathan laughed. "Funny business?"

"You know what I mean." She smiled and closed the door.

...

Nancy woke nearly two hours later. Her lungs heaved and she could hear her heartbeat. Sweat stuck her shirt to her back. She had dreamed again about the Demogorgon's return.

It's unnaturally long arms and hook-like taloned hands pinning her to the floor. It's disgusting flapping jaws opening in a horrific floral-esq display of rowed teeth as it screamed down at her. Drool dangled above her face and the instant before it landed on her cheek she awoke.

The initial panick of the dream was replaced by the confusion of not waking in her own bed. The confusion was replaced by comfort when she realized she was in Jonathan's bed, in Jonathan's arms. Her

breath and heart slowed back to normal speeds and she laid her sweaty head back down on his shoulder.

"Are you alright?" He asked.

"I'm okay... I guess. They're happening more frequently." She admitted. "Why are you up?"

"Couldn't sleep."

"Yeah. I have a hard time getting back to sleep after those dreams."

"How can I help?" He asked.

"Take my mind off it?" She smiled and lifted herself enough to kiss him. They kissed again, and again. Tongues became involved and Nancy rolled her body ontop of his. Still kissing, she straddled him and started to girate her hips. She grinded against him, feeling him stiffen against her touch.

They were still dressed, but not for long. Nancy sat up, still rubbing her crotch on his. She pulled her shirt over her head and then reached behind her to unhook her bra.

Jonathan sat up, placed a hand on her back, and spun around so their positions were switched. She squealed quietly but he put a finger to her lips. He kissed her again and stood up. He locked the door and pulled his own shirt off. He unbuckled his belt and unzipped his pants.

Nancy stood to meet him and moonlight from the window briefly crossed her bare chest causing Jonathan's throat to tighten. He still lost his breath every time he saw her naked.

She held his head, her thumbs right behind his ears and her fingers interlaced behind his neck, she pulled him into another kiss. They turned a hundred and eighty degrees and Jonathan sat on the edge of the bed.

Nancy slowly got to her knees and reached in his pants. Maintaining eye contact she pulled it out and started by licking from the base to the tip and giving it a kiss. Jonathan bit his lip and she smiled before

continuing.

She let it's tip spread the tight 'O' her lips were forming. Her tongue circled the head as she took more of it in her mouth. She pulled it almost entirely out of her mouth and then sucked down further on it several times, letting him in a little further each time. It slid through her lips and over her tongue, now each time she bobbed her head down she felt him against the back of her throat.

Jonathan wanted to grab her by the hair and force her to a quicker pace but he also didn't want to hurt her or make her feel uncomfortable. He knew she said that she liked it last time but he also didn't want to get too rough and risk her wanting to take a sex-break or something. He gently stroked her ponytail.

Fuck it.

He grabbed hold of her hair and she looked at him startled. He met her eyes, and pushed her head down. Her eyebrows raised in surprise as he took control. She nearly gagged, but he pulled her back up. He lifted and lowered her head several more times, rolling his hips with the motion. She gagged twice but kept going. A tear dropped from her left eye and Jonathan stopped.

"Are you okay?" He asked, worried he had been too forceful.

"Fine." She said wiping the tear away. "My eye's just watering a bit."

"Was I too-"

"No!" She said smiling and grabbing his erection in her right hand. "It was hot..."

She licked along his length again and then tugged at the waist of his jeans. He lifted his knees enough for Nancy to yank his pants down to his ankles. Then she pulled her own pants down.

"Your turn?" Jonathan offered.

"No, fuck me right now." She said straddling him. Her knees rested on the edge of the bed on either side of where Jonathan sat and she held his dick in one hand and held his shoulder for support with the other.

She lowered her body down onto him.

Nancy's mouth gaped slightly as she felt him enter her.

"Nancy... Condom..." Jonathan said, watching her rise and fall. Feeling her squeeze him with the wet walls of her pussy. She just shook her head and continued bouncing on him. She controlled the pace and it was quick. She reached behind her head and removed the hair tie, pulling her hair around one shoulder to her front. It bounced on her shoulder as she rode him.

"I'm close." She breathed. "Mhmm." She moaned and arched her back. She held his shoulders with both hands and threw her head back, letting her hair fall off her shoulder and hang down freely. She slowed her riding, but Jonathan still had some stamina left in him.

He held her thighs and stood up off the bed. Nancy gasped and wrapped her legs around his waist. She clung more tightly to his shoulders and he started thrusting his hips, causing her to bounce more as he held her in the air. Nancy moaned again. He silenced her by pressing his lips to hers. He felt her tongue do laps around his.

She stopped kissing him to say. "Oh god... I'm gonna... I'm gonna cum again." Her grip on his shoulders tightened and she moaned again more loudly. Jonathan took one hand off her thigh and clamped it over her mouth. He held her up with one hand now. He seemed impossibly strong.

When she stopped shuddering Jonathan spun around and dropped her on the bed. He grabbed himself and stroked hard and fast. Nancy sat up and pressed her breasts together. Hot strands shot out of him and landed on her chin and chest.

"Woah..." She said, wiping herself clean with a pair of Jonathan's underwear.

"Sorry." He said, still heavy breathed.

"Don't be." She kissed him. "I fuckin' love you."

He laughed quietly. "I love you too... I almost didn't last. We really should be more careful."

"I know. I'm sorry." She said. "But that was the first time I came twice in a row like that. You're kind of amazing, did you know that?"

He laughed again. They kissed again. They redressed into the same outfits and Nancy put her hair back into a ponytail.

"Are you going to sleep in that?" Jonathan asked as she pulled her hair tight.

"I fell asleep in it didn't I?" She answered. She snuggled up into his armpit and he wrapped his arm around her.

He kissed the top of her head and they both yawned.

Soon they fell back into dreams, but this time more pleasant ones. Unfortunately, Nancy rarely remembered her pleasant dreams. The ones that seemed to haunt her were plagued by a specific unearthly monstrosity.